

Number One Fan

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Summary: Scar is continuously stalked by a lion claiming to be his number one fan. As annoying as he may be, Scar finds that he may be of some use in his latest scheme to take over the Pride Lands...

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Grounded

AN: Miss me? Of course you didn't. No one ever misses me. Excuse me while I grab my box of tissues... Nah, I'm joking. Here's the new story.

Number One Fan

Chapter One: Grounded

"Is it just me, or has it *really* boring?" complained Nala, as she and Simba sat in a quiet corner in the den at Pride Rock.

"What was your first clue?" replied Simba, feeling the same as her.

Four days ago, Simba and Nala had gotten themselves into trouble after a little mishap with Zazu. He had been appointed to look after them so they didn't get into mischief, like they usually did ninety-nine per cent of the time.

Not happy about this at all, the two cubs had decided to try and get rid of Zazu, and ended up throwing a rock down on top of his head. They thought they had killed him, and spent the whole of that day trying to figure out a way of making it look like it wasn't them that had murdered him.

Unfortunately, their efforts had backfired when Zazu revealed he was playing a trick on them, and had only *pretended* to be dead. His own little revenge for all the tricks they had played on him over the months.

Simba and Nala thought that was the end of it. Zazu would have had his little fun, and the two of them could pretend the whole incident never happened.

However, that wasn't to be. Not only had Zazu played quite a clever trick on them, but he also told King Mufasa how they had thrown a rock over his head! No fair!

Needless to say, the two cubs got grounded, only allowed within the confines of the den. This had proved boring. There was no fun to be had, no stimulation, and they had only each other for company.

Luckily for them, today was the day they were due to be 'released'. They would finally be free to go about their normal routine, which normally consisted of finding a new adventure. Their last adventure with that lion Hago hadn't been too fun, however...

"Where's your Dad?" Nala asked Simba. "I thought he was going to let us go today?"

Simba shrugged. "Probably doing something to make sure he keeps us in here as long as he can. It's no fun."

"You can say that again," said Nala.

The den was completely empty. All the other members of the pride were busy doing their own things in the Pride Lands. That was where all the fun was. But instead, Simba and Nala had only each other for company in this lonely, old den. Where was the fun in that?

"We could always look on the bright side," suggested Simba optimistically. "Right now if we were out we could end up getting kidnapped by some psycho."

"Even *that* would be better than being trapped in here!" Nala moaned. "This is ridiculous! That whole business with Zazu wasn't even our fault!"

Simba nodded in agreement. "Yeah. If he's just kept his stupid beak shut then we wouldn't be in this mess. Wasn't playing one of his own tricks on us enough?"

"Obviously not," replied Nala, "because he told on us! I can't believe he did that. Especially after making us worry like that all day. We thought we were going to end up dead!"

"Don't worry about it," Simba told her with a sly smile. "We'll get Zazu back for it."

Nala rolled her eyes. "Yeah, and we'll probably get in trouble for *that*. Jeez, do we ever get a break? We get kidnapped by a crazy lion, we get tricked into thinking we've killed Zazu, and now we've been grounded. Can it get any worse?"

"Knowing our luck? Yes," Simba answered, rolling onto his back, looking up at the rocky ceiling of the den miserably. He

groaned loudly. "If my Dad doesn't get here in the next five minutes we're going out, okay?"

Nala nodded. "Okay. I'd do *anything* to get out of here."

Five minutes passed, and that was more than the two cubs could take. They had to get out of here! They just *had* to!

"That's it!" Simba exclaimed, hopping to his paws. "We're getting out of here!"

"I'm with you on this one," Nala agreed, getting up.

The two made their way out of the den. Simba whispered in Nala's ear conspiratorially.

"As long as no one sees us leaving, we'll be free to do whatever we want," Simba whispered excitedly.

"And doing whatever we want includes...?" Nala asked.

Simba stopped, and looked around, in case anyone was watching. He finally turned to Nala, smiling mischievously.

"Why don't we go to the Outlands?"

Nala gasped. "The Outlands?" she exclaimed. "But it's..."

"Yes?"

"It's *scary* out there," she replied.

"Scary?" Simba laughed. "We can handle anything."

"Can we?" Nala asked, unsure. "I don't know, Simba..."

"Hey, we beat that creepy guy with the staff, didn't we?" Simba asked, referring to Hago, a magical lion who tried to use Simba and Nala to obtain possession of a powerful jewel, one that would allow him to control the universe. Simba and Nala soon put a stop to his plans, though. Hopefully for good. But you could never be too careful...

"I guess so," replied Nala, scratching her head. "But aren't the Outlands filled with hundreds of hungry hyenas?"

"So?" said Simba. "We can take on a few hyenas." Simba pulled Nala close to him, and smiled at her. "Me and you against the world, right?"

Nala smiled back at her best friend. "Okay," she agreed. "Anything's better than staying here."

The two cubs walked out of the den. No one seemed to be around. And that meant they were free to do whatever they wanted! No longer did they have to be trapped in that stupid den! Cubs *needed* wide open spaces to play in. It was a necessity. Take that away and there was no fun to be had. No fun at all.

"Perfect," said Simba, smiling mischievously. "No one at all around. It's just us. Outlands, here we come!"

Simba and Nala were about to make their way down Pride Rock, when a voice cut through the air of freedom.

"Where do you think you're going?"

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2: Freedom!**

Chapter Two: Freedom!

Simba and Nala looked at each other, recognising the voice instantly and knowing their hopes for an adventure had been well and truly eliminated. They frowned and slowly turned to face Zazu, who was perched on top of a little rock next to the den entrance. He had a little smile on his beak, which told the two cubs that Zazu was going to get some fun out of this.

Simba sighed. "Zazu, go away."

Zazu shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't do that, young master. Your father has given me strict instructions to keep a watchful eye over you while you are 'grounded', which I believe is the term you cubs use."

"Come on, Zazu!" Simba argued. "We're supposed to be allowed out today anyway, so just let us go."

"You may be allowed out today, but not until your father says so," Zazu explained.

"I bet you're just making it up," Nala accused. "Because we almost killed you the other day."

"Forgive and forget, as my mother used to say," Zazu replied. "I already got my revenge the very day you tried to kill me, if you remember correctly. Today I'm just doing what I do every day – my job."

"But Zazu—" Simba began, before Zazu cut him off.

"Simba, I'm not going to let you off the hook this time," Zazu told him firmly. "I suggest you go back in and wait a little longer for your father to return. If you do wait, then I just *might* not tell him where you were planning on sneaking off to."

Simba narrowed his eyes at Zazu's little remark. "*Might*? What do you mean, 'might'?"

"Well, I might tell him, I might not. You'll have to wait and see," Zazu said with a sneaky smile.

Simba growled. "You little creep..." Simba got ready to pounce at Zazu, before Nala put a paw on his shoulder.

"Simba, he's not worth it," Nala told him. "You'll just make it worse for yourself – well, actually, you'll make it worse for *us*," she said with a smile.

Simba steadied himself, deciding not to pluck a few feathers from Zazu's body. "Guess you're right," he admitted, a sad look on his face.

"The females are *always* smarter," Zazu remarked. "Nana Zubat always used to say that."

Simba and Nala reluctantly retreated into the den, admitting defeat. It looked like they were going to be waiting for a little bit longer before they could smell the air of freedom. Being a cub really sucked sometimes...

"What now?" Nala asked.

"Live out the rest of our lives in this cave?" Simba suggested. "Because that's what it feels like."

"I know," Nala agreed.

Simba fell on to his back, closing his eyes. "You know, I might as well go to sleep. It's better than being stuck here doing nothing."

"Is it really that bad?" Nala asked, laughing as she did so.

"Looks like it," he replied. "Wake me up in a year or two."

"A year or two?" said Nala, echoing his words. "Why?"

"Because by then I'll be King and I can fire Zazu," he answered.

Nala giggled. Simba... He could be so funny sometimes! Another reason to add to her 'Why I Like My Best Friend So Much' list.

Nala wandered over to Simba, and she lay beside him, looking up at the ceiling. "Looks like someone will have to wake

us *both* up," she joked to Simba.

Simba laughed, opening his eyes and rolling over to look at Nala. "Yeah, you're right. It's so boring we actually want it to be bedtime. If it stays like this then—"

Simba then realised that he had been saying all this while he and Nala's noses were touching.

Nala smiled nervously, while Simba laughed nervously, rolling back over so he was looking away from Nala, mouthing something along the lines of, "Did she actually like that?"

"Simba, did you plan on that?" Nala asked, smiling, referring to the nose touching.

"Huh?" said Simba, becoming incredibly nervous again. "N—N—No," he stammered a reply, "why would I d—do that?"

Nala frowned. "Oh. Nothing. Just asking, that's all."

Simba breathed an imaginary sigh of relief in his head. *That was a close one!* he thought happily.

"Simba," a deep voice called from the den entrance. Simba and Nala both looked up to see Simba's father, King Mufasa.

"Dad!" Simba exclaimed, relieved that now his father was here he could finally go out. "Are we allowed out now?"

There was a tense second of silence before Mufasa spoke. "Yes, son," he finally answered.

"All right!" Simba exclaimed, bolting towards the outside world with Nala by his side.

"But don't go getting into anymore trouble," Mufasa warned the two. "Otherwise next time you'll be spending *double* the time you were in here."

"We promise," Simba told his dad.

"Good," said Mufasa. "And make sure you're back before it's get dark."

"Okay, okay," Simba said. "See you later!"

And with that, the two cubs were free to do as they pleased. Today they were going to be much more careful. They just *couldn't* go through anything like that again! Today they were going to play it safe.

"Finally!" Simba exclaimed to Nala as they made their way down Pride Rock and into the Pride Lands. "I thought we'd *never* get out of there!"

"Me, too," agreed Nala. "So, what do we do first? We could swim in the water hole, take a look around the Outlands, or we could even go to the jungle!"

"We could get in trouble if we do that," Simba pointed out. "Don't you think we should be a bit less... adventurous today?"

"That's not like you," Nala told him.

"I do *not* want to spend more time in the den. *Sleeping* there was hard enough for me. We need to take it easy today. Do something fun that... you know, won't get us grounded?"

"Good point," said Nala, stopping and looking around thoughtfully. "There's gotta be something fun to do around here..."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Simba. "We could... Uh... Um..."

"Go on," Nala urged, smiling. She knew full well that Simba wouldn't be able to think of anything. That was the way he worked.

Simba frowned, seeing the look on her face. "Okay, so maybe I can't think of something to do that won't get us in trouble. We're not used to that. Doing unexciting things is what boring people do, like... like the other cubs around here. They're so boring they'd put me to sleep after five seconds of listening to them!"

"So you're saying we're pretty much doomed?" concluded Nala.

Simba nodded. "Yep."

AN: Things will get worse for the two cubs, I can assure you. Drop me a review and come back tomorrow for more. Ta-ta for now!

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: A Deranged Stalker

AN: Where have you all got to? Did you die? Or did I kill you? Yeah. Think about that. Or... am I dead? Oh dear...

Chapter Three: A Deranged Stalker

Scar slashed the cave wall with his claws in anger. It wasn't fair! He should be King! Not Mufasa! What made him so special? Was it because he was wise, thoughtful and overall a very good ruler? What good was that in ruling a kingdom? What made a good ruler was determination, an extreme hunger for power and overall evil! That was why Scar deserved to be King!

And he would be King someday. He swore it! He would kill the King, the Queen, and that irritating little brat, Simba! Oh, how he'd just love to watch them die slowly and painfully! That would make his day!

Unfortunately for Scar, crowning himself King was a hard feat to achieve. He needed a cunning plan. A clever way to eliminate the King without making himself look suspicious.

The problem was he didn't have a plan! He was fresh out of ideas! Normally his brain was supposed to be flowing with evil, scheming ideas to make himself King, but today? Nothing. No plan, no scheme, no idea whatsoever. It wasn't a nice feeling.

Scar had no idea, though, that things were going to get worse for him. Much, much, *much* worse.

He had a gasp coming from behind him, and he slowly turned to see one of the strangest sights he had ever laid eyes on.

It was a lion, all right. But this had to be the most psychotic lion he had ever seen before.

The lion had big brown eyes, which were wide with excitement, and he had fur that was almost identical to Scar's, complete with a black mane. He looked like some kind of terrible celebrity impersonator.

As if my day couldn't get any worse, Scar thought to himself. First he was completely out of ideas to try and take over the kingdom, and now he had a creepy stranger invade his home. Just who the heck was this guy?

The lion looked completely amazed – astounded, even – to see Scar. It was like this lion had been searching for him for years and years and years, like he was his long lost brother or something. But Scar already had one brother, and he *certainly* didn't want another.

"Who are you?" Scar demanded, already losing his patience.

The lion gasped when Scar spoke. Like speaking was the most amazing thing in the world. He then smiled at Scar widely. "Oh... You spoke to me..." he said, amazed. He had a high-pitched, excited voice.

"Well done," Scar said sarcastically. "You haven't answered my question, though, and if you don't tell me within the next five seconds then I'll personally see to it that you are ripped to shreds."

The lion laughed, as if he was actually pleased to hear Scar say that. "You threatened me... Wow..."

"Five... four... three..." Scar began counting down.

"Okay, okay!" said the lion excitedly. "Sorry, it's just so exciting to finally see you. I'm Mtumwa, but all my friends – and I don't have many of them – call me Tummy."

This lion was speaking so frantically it made Scar's head spin. This guy was really, *really* excited. Like a little kid in a candy store.

Scar rolled his eyes at this new arrival. "What are you doing here? I hardly have time for the likes of you."

Mtumwa grinned. "Ooh, you think you're better than me! Which is so true, by the way. I've always looked up to you! You're my idol, my hero, my God! I can't actually believe I've found you!"

Scar was now very curious. He'd been looking for Scar? Uh... *Why*? He wanted to know more now, and this made him very suspicious, which caused him to grab Mtumwa tightly by the throat.

"Who sent you?" Scar demanded angrily. "What do you want from me?"

"Good choke..." Mtumwa choked out while Scar slowly strangled him. "But in answer to your question, no one sent me. I've been looking for you for my own reasons."

Scar narrowed his eyes at Mtumwa, and then let go of his throat. Mtumwa gasped happily. "He strangled me..." he said, amazed. "He actually strangled me..."

He's insane, Scar thought as he studied Mtumwa. *Brain damage, I suppose. He must be completely delusional. Why would anyone be searching for me?*

Scar decided to ask him another question. "Why have you been looking for me?"

Mtumwa started frantically explaining his story to Scar. "Well, I've heard all about you. How you want to take over the Pride Lands and kill King Mufasa and Prince Simba and it's so cool! You're so smart, cool, clever! You're the best! You're the *man*! Go, Scar. Go, Scar..."

Scar slapped a paw to his face. "I can't believe I'm actually hearing this. I wouldn't be surprised if it was a dream."

"Oh, I'm pretty sure it's not a dream!" Mtumwa assured Scar. "I've had lots of dreams about a moment like this, and most have them ended up with me wetting myself with excitement. Luckily I look pretty dry right now. It'd be pretty embarrassing if I *did* wet myself right now."

Scar just stared at Mtumwa, wide-eyed. Was this actually happening? Was he imagining this? Was Scar going cuckoo? Insane? Crazy? Was he experiencing hallucinations? Because it sure looked like it!

Scar cleared his throat. "Yes, well, it's very... um... *disturbing* to meet you, Mtumwa, and—"

"Please, call me Tummy," Mtumwa interrupted.

Scar winced and growled furiously. "As I was saying, I'm a very busy lion and I haven't got all day so—"

"You're not busy," Mtumwa told him with a laugh. "I know all about you. I'm your number one fan! You're *never* busy. You're always sitting around here all day trying to think of a new plan to conquer the Pride Lands, which is totally cool."

Scar growled louder. This guy was going to get hurt – badly – if he didn't leave *very* soon. Scar didn't have much patience for this lion, and it was wearing thin quickly.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: You Bet!

Chapter Four: You Bet!

"Pinned ya!" Nala declared as she pinned Simba down by the water hole. "Again!"

Simba growled playfully at her. Why was this the one game he could not win? No matter how hard he tried, he could never succeed in pinning Nala down. He figured it must be some kind of girl thing that made them impervious to being pinned.

"You know, I don't even see why you bother trying to pin me," Nala told him cockily. "You know you'll never be able to."

Simba smiled back at her. "We'll see. I bet you by the end of the month I can pin you."

Nala grinned, sensing a challenge she could win easily. "Oh, really? What do you bet, then?"

Simba thought carefully for a moment. He smiled once he had made his choice. "All right, if I can't pin you by the end of the month then I'll... kiss you."

"Kiss me?" Nala exclaimed, tempted to jump away from Simba. She then realised that would give him the perfect opportunity to pin her, and she didn't want that. Was he serious? Kiss her? He was good at bets, she'd give him that.

"Yeah," said Simba, confident that he'd pretty much won this bet. She wouldn't want him to kiss her, so she'd *have* to let him pin her. Wouldn't she? He hoped so. "If I don't pin you by the end of the month, then I'll kiss you."

"I doubt it," Nala said, releasing him from her grip. He wouldn't do that... that wasn't like him. Was it? Was he actually really good at kissing? There was only one way to find out...

She couldn't let him win! She couldn't! She owed it to herself. This was the one game that Simba could never beat her at. This was all just his sneaky little plan to try and finally beat her. Well, fine! Two could play at this game! She wasn't going to let him win, and if it meant a kiss from her best friend then she could take it. No problems with her.

"I *will* do it," Simba assured her, getting closer to her. "Right on the mouth," he teased, pointing to his own mouth.

Nala rolled her eyes at his teasing. "Really? Well, if I win then I'll kiss *you*."

"Fine!" Simba agreed without a complaint.

"Good," said Nala, smiling. Now that the prize was the same, they both had no advantage over each other. That made it fair, which kind of put a dent in Simba's sneaky plan. That wasn't how it was supposed to work... But he wasn't going to exactly tell that to Nala.

Simba started walking away. "Where are you going?" Nala asked, following after him.

"Somewhere that's actually *exciting*," he replied.

"What happened to not getting in trouble?" Nala questioned him, remembering how he had said earlier that they should take it easy today.

"Too boring," came his quick reply.

"I knew you'd say that sooner or later," Nala told him. She knew him too well. She had a feeling he'd cave in sooner or later. He couldn't go more than an hour without something exciting and adventurous to do.

"Well, I knew that you'd say that you knew that I would say that," Simba retorted with a grin.

Nala couldn't help but laugh. Okay, that was pretty funny! "Okay, so where are we going that's so exciting?"

Simba shrugged. "Somewhere we might die?" he half-heartedly suggested. "That usually does it for us."

Nala laughed again. "Sounds a little... dangerous, doesn't it?"

"Isn't that what makes it exciting?" Simba replied. "You know, the monsters, the bad guys, the damsel in distress – *you* – and the big hero – *me*."

"*Big* hero?" mocked Nala. "Face it, Simba. You're a little on the..." she whispered in his ear, "*tiny* side."

Simba's eyes widened. "I am *not* tiny!" He argued. "Watch." He took a deep breath, and puffed his chest out. "See?" he managed to say with his mouth closed.

Nala counted down the seconds until he let his breath out. "Five... four... three... two... one..."

Simba let his breath out with such great force that he fell onto his back. "Ow!" he cried.

Nala helped him to his paws. "Not very impressive, was it?"

Simba shook his head, seeing her point. "I guess not. But you don't need to be big to be brave. Dad said to me once that 'size doesn't matter'."

"And since when did *you* start listening to your dad?" Nala asked incredulously. "A little odd for you, isn't it?"

Simba waved her away with a paw. "Hey, it's all part of growing up." He pointed to the tuft of hair on the top of his head. "See my mane? It's growing."

Nala smiled in disbelief, and plucked a single hair from his little tuft and showed it to his face. "*What* mane?"

Simba's face dropped. "Does everything have to be perfect for you or something? I'm doing my best to try and impress you."

"And why would you be doing that?" Nala asked, curious.

"Uh... Friendly reasons?" he suggested half-heartedly.

Nala rolled her eyes at his answer. "Nice try, Simba. But it's going to take more than a tiny mane to impress me."

"Maybe I'll impress you when I pin you before the end of the month," Simba remarked.

"If you pin me before the end of the month," she retorted.

"I will!" Simba insisted. "Just you wait! And after that, I'll pin you again, and again, and again!"

Nala laughed out loud. "Simba, why can't you just admit that you're not the best at everything?"

"I am so!" he declared. "Who's the future King here?"

"Me," Nala replied sarcastically. "Obviously, it's you."

"Exactly!" Simba exclaimed, grinning. "That makes me automatically the best!"

"Oh, yeah? Well, maybe I'll challenge you in a pinning match for the kingdom. Then *I*'ll be Queen and you'll have to do what *I* say."

"No one says you have to challenge me," Simba muttered to himself under his breath.

"What was that, Simba?" Nala asked.

"Oh... Nothing."

AN: I love foreshadowing what is to come! I do enjoy teasing my readers, if I even *have* any. I still think I might be dead...

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Of Some Use

AN: Hands up who wants two more chapters! Of course you do, here they are!

Chapter Five: Of Some Use

"Will you stop following me?" Scar demanded, as Mtumwa continued to follow him through the Pride Lands.

Mtumwa let out a loud, high-pitched, annoying laugh. "You're so funny! I wish I could be just like you!"

Scar growled, feeling anger boil up inside of him. Mtumwa had to be by far the most annoying lion he had ever met – well, next to Simba, that is. But Mtumwa had some kind of insane obsession over Scar, and he had the feeling that meant Mtumwa wasn't going to leave him alone.

How could people like this even exist? As if Scar didn't already have enough problems on his hands, he had to contend with a lion who had some kind of a girlie crush on him. Could it really get any worse for him?

If this kept up, he was going to kill Mtumwa. And he was going to make it hurt, too.

Scar turned around to face Mtumwa, anger evident on his face. "Look, if you keep following me I – and I mean it this time – will tear your head off and *hang it on my cave wall!*"

Mtumwa just stared into Scar's eyes, amazed. "Wow... I heard you were angry but this surpasses all my expectations. You truly are amazing."

"You flatter me," remarked Scar sarcastically, turning around and continuing to walk. There had to be some way of getting rid of this guy... But whatever Scar threatened him with, he just seemed to completely ignore it. In fact, he seemed to *enjoy* it. He truly was a disturbing character... and certainly one of the strangest Scar had ever encountered, and Scar had seen some strange hyenas in his time, but Mtumwa truly took the cake.

He might as well kill himself. Mtumwa was truly of no use to anyone. Seriously, what use could he be to anyone? No use, that's what.

That was what Scar was thinking angrily as he walked along. *He's no use at all. A pathetic creature if I ever saw one. What use could he be at all? What use could he...?*

Scar trailed off from his thoughts when he slowly came to realise something. Mtumwa... maybe he actually *could* be of use to Scar... In one way or another...

Hmm... thought Scar, maybe the little idiot could be of some use to me. He's so obsessed with me that he'd do anything for me. Anything...

An evil smirk crept across Scar's face as he conjured up a sinister plan, one that involved the use of Mtumwa. He'd be the centre of his scheme, the heart, the core. The driving force behind the whole of the plan.

After all, Mtumwa had so many flaws – he was easy to exploit. He wouldn't even question Scar's orders. After all, Mtumwa was his 'biggest fan'. If Scar asked Mtumwa to marry him then he'd most likely accept. Mtumwa would do *anything* for Scar. *Anything*. He was obedient, he would take orders without question, he'd be a little...

Slave. An obedient, stupid, insignificant little slave. Now Scar could use him...

Scar turned to face Mtumwa again, now a friendly smile on his face. This surprised Mtumwa a little. A friendly smile, coming from Scar? This was unusual... but totally cool, because that meant that Scar must like him... right?

"Mtumwa," Scar said in a friendly manner, continuing to smile.

Mtumwa's mouth dropped open in excitement. What was Scar going to ask him? Something cool, he expected. Something awesome. Something truly, truly magnificent!

"Yes?" said Mtumwa, his mouth still open with excitement.

"How would you like to do me a little... favour?" Scar asked, pulling Mtumwa closer to him.

"Oh... Anything! Anything, sir!" Mtumwa agreed, nodding frantically.

Scar smiled sinisterly. "Good." Scar turned around, deliberately looking away from Mtumwa. "Mtumwa... have you ever... *killed* anyone before?"

Mtumwa then had a curious look on his face, and shook his head. "No," he replied. "Why do you ask, oh Great One?"

"Because that's what I want you to do," Scar replied, turning back to Mtumwa. "I want you to take care of a little... *problem* I have in the Pride Lands."

"Oh, really?" said Mtumwa, visibly interested. "Well, what exactly is this problem?"

"Not what, *who*," replied Scar. "As you know, my aim is to one day become King, an aim that cannot be accomplished with the King – and the Prince – around. Of course I could just wait for the 'high and mighty' King Mufasa to die, but it's Prince Simba that's the biggest problem. If *he* was dead – and if it looked like an accident – then that would mean I would be next in line for the kingdom. Understand?"

Mtumwa scratched the back of his head, nodding. "Kinda," he replied.

"So, I would like you to murder the Prince, and make it look like an accident, therefore making me eligible for the throne," Scar explained.

"Uh... Why can't you do that yourself?" Mtumwa daringly asked.

Scar suddenly grabbed Mtumwa by the throat, fury burning in his eyes. "*Are you questioning me?*" he screamed. "When I want you to do something, *you do it!* Have you got that through that minute brain of yours?"

Mtumwa laughed nervously. "Ah... Yeah. Understood. One hundred per cent. I live to serve, Your Evilness."

Scar's angry look twisted into a simple smile. "Excellent," he said, letting go of Mtumwa's throat, allowing him to breathe.

"Okay..." Mtumwa said, nodding. "Kill Prince Simba. Make it look like an accident. Got it. So, we're friends now, right?"

Scar winced. How he *despised* that word. He decided to swallow his pride – not that he had much – and smiled as best he could. "Yes, Mtumwa," he replied, nodding. "We're... *friends*."

Mtumwa laughed excitedly. "This is great! My mother will be proud!" Mtumwa then bounded off willingly, more than ready to do what Scar had told him to.

Scar chuckled evilly as he watched Mtumwa leave quickly. "Fool," he said aloud. "There's no way he can make it all look like an accident. He'll kill Simba, and then everyone will know it was him, and he'll take the fall. Then I can take the kingdom by surprise while they're all busy deciding on how to kill him. I've killed two birds with one stone."

***Chapter 6*: Chapter 6: Accident**

Chapter Six: Accident

"Nala, don't pull on it like that!"

"Come on, Simba – it doesn't hurt that much."

Nala was in the process of trying to pull Simba by his tail out of a bush he had gotten himself stuck into. Apparently before jumping out of a tree he forgot to look at the ground. Nala thought he should really take some more time to survey his surroundings before he made rash decisions. He was too quick to act – couldn't he use his brain just a *little* for once?

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" Simba cried as Nala tugged on his tail, slowly pulling him out of the bush. "This! Ow! Is! Ow! Really! Ow! Hurting!"

Finally – with one final tug – Simba popped out of the bush, his body covered in thorns. Nala laughed at the sight.

"You could have been more careful," Simba told him.

"*You* could have been more careful," Nala repeated. "Next time you decide to go jumping out of a tree, make sure you're looking at the ground *before* you jump."

"Well, I was concentrating on my... uh... technique," he lied.

"*Sure* you were, Simba," said Nala sarcastically. "I believe you, all right."

"You're mocking me, aren't you?" Simba asked.

Nala laughed. "Why would I do that, Simba? After all, you're so perfect, aren't you?"

Simba pulled a thorn out of his paw with his teeth. "Stupid thorns," he remarked, spitting it out onto the ground. "Who invented these things, anyway?"

"The Thorn King?" Nala suggested jokingly.

Simba extracted another thorn from his body, wincing. "Whyme?" he moaned. "Can it really get much worse?"

Suddenly, something hard struck Simba on the head, causing him to stagger about the ground wildly, a dazed smile on his face. He laughed and fell to the ground.

Nala gasped in shock. "Simba!" she cried, falling to his side. "Are you okay?"

"Boy, those flies pack a punch..." Simba mumbled before slipping into unconsciousness.

Nala turned her head to the side, and she narrowed her eyes in suspicion when she spotted a rock on the ground lying a few feet away from Simba's unconscious body. She looked ahead – and just in time, too – to see a lion quickly hide behind a tree. "Why do I get the feeling I know who threw the rock?" she asked herself, before deciding to investigate.

Whoever it was, they sure weren't going to get away with knocking out her best friend. Big lion or not, she was going to give whoever it was a piece of her mind.

Mtumwa snickered from behind the tree. "Scar will be so proud of me," he said to himself. "He'll make me his second in command, his partner – maybe even his best friend. Now that *would* be something! And when he's King, I could be his Royal Advisor. Mom and Dad would be so proud!"

Of course, Mtumwa had completely ignored the precise instructions Scar had instructed him on. First of all, he had failed to make Simba's death look like an accident, so Scar wasn't exactly going to be pleased when Mtumwa reported back to him.

And second, Simba wasn't actually *dead*. Just knocked out, that's all. The worst that could possibly happen to Simba is that he might have a little bump on his head for the next few days. Nothing life-threatening.

So really, Mtumwa had failed to do the task Scar had given him. And to make matters worse, Nala had seen him do it.

And there she was, standing next to him, ready to have a confrontation with him.

"Something funny?" Nala asked, unimpressed, interrupting Mtumwa's victorious snickering.

Mtumwa yelled in shock when he saw Nala, and jumped backwards, sliding across the ground on his back. She didn't look happy at all... Who was she again?

Mtumwa winced when he realised that was the girl who was with Simba. His girlfriend, most likely. She didn't look like someone who would go down without a fight.

"H-Hi," Mtumwa stammered nervously from the ground, waving at her. "How can I... help you?" He laughed nervously.

Nala raised an eyebrow at this guy. He looked crazy – insane, even. The type of person who would throw rocks at cubs just for kicks. Apparently Nala's mother had to put up with a few of these psychos when she was a cub. Well, if her mother could deal with them, then so could Nala.

Well, what she didn't know was that Mtumwa was just an obsessed fan of Scar, mindlessly doing whatever Scar demanded from him. After all, fans would do absolutely *anything* for their idols.

"Well, you could start by telling me why you threw a rock at my—"

"Look, I'm sorry I hit your boyfriend, okay?" Mtumwa interrupted quickly. "I wasn't aiming for him, I was – I was trying to hit that tree over there." Mtumwa pointed to a random tree, stupidly picking the one that was behind him.

"Yeah, right," Nala said, not believing Mtumwa's story one bit. "First of all, he's not my—"

"Okay, okay, I wasn't really actually throwing the rock. I was just looking at it really closely, and then I... noticed some nice, juicy fruit hanging from that branch, and when I reached up to grab the fruit it... flew out of my paw."

Nala looked up at the tree. It was a dead tree with no leaves. No fruit whatsoever. Nala didn't even think this tree had had anything growing from it in about a hundred years.

"You do realise this tree is dead, don't you?" Nala asked Mtumwa.

Mtumwa looked up at the decayed tree, and laughed nervously when he realised it truly was a lifeless tree. "Oops," he said, smiling. "Well, I..." Mtumwa put his paw to his ear, and pretended to hear something. "I think I hear my mother calling. Gotta go!"

Mtumwa quickly ran away, leaving Nala standing on her own, wondering what the heck just happened. That lion had to be the weirdest one she had ever seen in her life. The people you meet these days...

AN: Scar's not going to be happy when Mtumwa gives him the bad news. How will this endeavour end? Find out in twenty-four hours, which is equivalent to one day, in case you didn't know.

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Reporting Back

AN: Hello everyone! You want the end? Well, you got the end!

Chapter Seven: Reporting Back

Mtumwa found Scar lying over a large rock in the middle of a field. He didn't look like he noticed Mtumwa at all.

Mtumwa laughed nervously, having a bad feeling that Scar wasn't going to like the bad news that he had for him. The news that he had failed the task Scar had given him. He had no idea that Scar had actually *wanted* him to fail, however.

"H-Hi, Scar," said Mtumwa nervously, expecting the worst.

Scar finally looked like he noticed Mtumwa, and rolled over on to his stomach. "Oh... it's you," he said, sounding like he didn't want to even see Mtumwa at all. But that couldn't be true... they were friends, right? "So, did you complete your little mission I sent you on?"

Mtumwa laughed loudly. "Well... About that, I... Uh..."

"Go on," Scar urged, now smiling.

He knew Mtumwa had failed. Someone of his stupidity just *had* to. And this pleased him, for the sole reason that he figured he most likely had killed Simba, but in a way so that everyone knew he did, and he would surely be murdered for such an action, allowing Scar to get rid of Mtumwa for good, and giving him a chance at taking the kingdom by surprise while they were busy deciding on just how painful Mtumwa's death was going to be. Like Scar sad before, he'd be killing two birds with stone.

"Scar, I didn't exactly manage to do what you said," Mtumwa confessed, fear evident in his voice. He didn't want to upset his idol.

Scar looked sympathetic. "Oh, really? What happened?"

"Well, I found Prince Simba, and I tried to kill him with a rock, but only managed to knock him out," Mtumwa explained quickly. "Then I had to run away because his girlfriend showed up."

And that's when Scar became furious. He couldn't even manage to kill Simba? Oh, come on... that was just *too* easy! Go up to the kid and slash him in the throat, it wasn't hard. Even Scar could manage it... but he didn't exactly like to get his paws dirty. He preferred other people to do his dirty work for him.

"You *what*?" Scar screamed, causing Mtumwa to jump back in surprise, falling on to his back. "I ask you to do one simple thing and you fail! Miserably, I might add! How could you mess something so simple up?"

"It was... difficult," Mtumwa replied, fear filling him up fast. Scar could be one of the most terrifying lions in the world if you got on his bad side – something that happened to most people who had met him. "Things got kinda complicated, you see."

"*Complicated*?" bellowed Scar furiously. Was he even actually *saying* this? "How hard can murdering a cub be?"

"Well, like I said, his girlfriend caught me in the act," Mtumwa replied, flinching in case Scar lashed out at him, which was more than likely for such an evil, hatred-filled person.

"So?" Scar retorted. "Kill them both! I don't care! Hang their intestines from a tree! Do *anything* to kill them!"

"Well, I guess I'll have to try some other time," Mtumwa said, trying to get up.

Scar pounced on Mtumwa, sending him back to the ground, and hard, too. "You're not getting away so quickly, Mtumwa," Scar told him sinisterly, causing Mtumwa to fear Scar even more.

"I-I'm not?" said Mtumwa, shaking with fear now. Was Scar going to kill him? Torture him? Feed him to his hyena minions?

Scar smiled evilly and shook his head. "No, no, no. You're going to finish those two cubs off, and you're going to do it *now*!"

Mtumwa managed a nervous smile. "And... if I don't?"

"Then I'll make you pay *dearly* for it," Scar replied. "After all, my hyena slaves get so hungry these days, without any food and all."

Mtumwa gulped in fear. "Don't worry about it," he assured Scar. "I'll take of it the right way this time."

"See to it that you do, otherwise you'll be on the menu tonight," Scar told Mtumwa, releasing him from his grasp. "I'll give you half an hour. I think that's *more* than generous."

"Half an hour. Got it!" Mtumwa exclaimed, before sprinting off again. He didn't want to be eaten alive! He couldn't get this wrong. Come on, it was only two cubs, how hard could it be?

The answer? *Very*.

"Simba, come on, wake up!" Nala shouted at Simba's unconscious body, shaking him furiously. "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!"

Simba's eyes flickered open. "Huh?" he said, confused.

Nala rolled her eyes and slapped him in the face, bringing him back to normal. "Simba, are you okay?"

Simba rubbed his burning cheek. "Yeah," he replied. "Apart from being hit in the face, I'm fine."

"It could have been worse," Nala told him. "Some guy hit you on the head with a rock."

"So that's why I have a bump on my head," Simba concluded, rubbing a barely noticeable bump on the top of his head. "Did you see who it was?"

"Some weird guy," Nala replied. "He ran off, though. I don't know where he is now."

"I'd sure like to find out," Simba said, an angry look on his face. "I'd show him a thing or two."

"He didn't seem very mean," Nala told him. "Just... weird."

"Why'd you go talk to him anyway?" Simba asked, confused.

"Because I wanted to teach him a little lesson," she replied. "I'm not gonna let anyone throw rocks at you and get away with it. You are my best friend, after all."

Simba smiled. "Thanks, Nala."

"Don't mention it," she said, smiling back.

Suddenly, Nala was grabbed from behind by something. Simba gasped, and when Nala came to her senses she saw Mtumwa was trying to hold her down. He was back? Now what did he want?

"Hold still, you little..." said Mtumwa as he tried to keep Nala on the ground. She was a fighter, though, and wasn't going to go down easily.

"Get away from her," Simba ordered Mtumwa furiously.

Mtumwa turned his head to see Simba, who didn't look very happy. Well, if your best friend was being attacked by some crazy lion you wouldn't be happy either, would you?

"Sorry," Mtumwa apologised. "I have to do what my eternal master has instructed me to do."

Huh? What was *that* supposed to mean? Simba didn't know of course, but he had an inkling that this meant the deaths of both Nala *and* him. Simba didn't even know this lion – what did he want to kill them for?

Thinking fast, because he of course didn't want Nala to die, he pounced at Mtumwa, landing on his back.

"Hey! What are you—" Mtumwa screamed when Simba bit into the back of Mtumwa's neck with his teeth. This caused him to let go of Nala, allowing her to escape. Mtumwa shook Simba off of his back, knocking Simba onto the ground.

"Are you okay?" Simba asked Nala, concerned.

"I'm fine," Nala replied.

Mtumwa slowly hauled himself to his paws, tired already. He wasn't cut out for this murdering – or fighting, for that matter – business. He'd had quite enough violence for one day, and he was contemplating just giving up on this task altogether.

Mtumwa decided to give it one more shot, though. He looked at Simba and Nala, and saw they were glaring at Mtumwa angrily, growling.

Mtumwa gulped. These cubs were a lot stronger than he thought. This wasn't even worth his time. If he tried to fight, then *he* would be the one who would end up dead! This just wasn't worth it. His life was more important to him.

"See ya," Mtumwa said before running away again.

Simba and Nala's angry looks faded away when they looked at each other, and started laughing.

"What a creep!" Simba exclaimed through laughter. "We sure showed him!"

"Yeah, we did!" Nala agreed. She sighed. "There's a lot of freaks hanging around, aren't there?"

"What do you mean?" Simba asked, confused.

"Well, first we had the guy with the strange staff, and now we get *that* guy!" Nala exclaimed. "I wonder what he meant by his 'eternal master'?"

Simba shrugged. "He was crazy. He could have meant anything."

"Yeah... like your Uncle Scar," Nala joked, causing Simba to laugh even harder.

"Now *that's* just stupid!"

Scar wasn't pleased, and he had a feeling that this would be the most likely outcome of today. Mtumwa would fail – *again* – and Scar would have the most miserable end to a miserable day.

So while Mtumwa told Scar excuse after excuse after excuse, all Scar could do was just listen. He couldn't even be bothered to get angry – he just didn't have the strength. Mtumwa had completely drained him today. He was the most annoying lion in the world, and had successfully made Scar's life more miserable than it already was – if that was even possible.

"... So that's why I couldn't do it, Scar," Mtumwa explained, expecting Scar to still give him up to the hyenas for dinner anyway.

"Yeah, great," Scar mumbled, pressing his face into the ground. "Just go."

"Now you don't have to be like that... Wait, what?" Mtumwa exclaimed, confused. Was Scar asking him to go?

"I said go," Scar repeated, only loudly this time.

"Uh... Why?" Mtumwa asked.

"Just *go*!" Scar screamed furiously.

That pretty much settled it for Mtumwa. If there was an opportunity to escape then he was sure as hell going to take it!

"Thank you, oh Great One," Mtumwa said, giving a little bow to Scar before walking off. Maybe he'd wait a little while before revisiting his good pal Scar...

Scar watched Mtumwa disappear into the sunset, and then sunk back down to the ground. He'd had enough for one day. *More* than enough.

Would he ever get his reward? He doubted it.

The End

AN: Poor Scar. Not really. What a meanie! How dare he try to kill Simba and Nala, we haven't even seen who will win their

little bet yet! Well, as always the next story will continue this little series, so I'll see you then!

NEXT TIME: Scar and Hago team up, and set up a hostage situation. Unfortunately the first person they have in mind is Nala...